

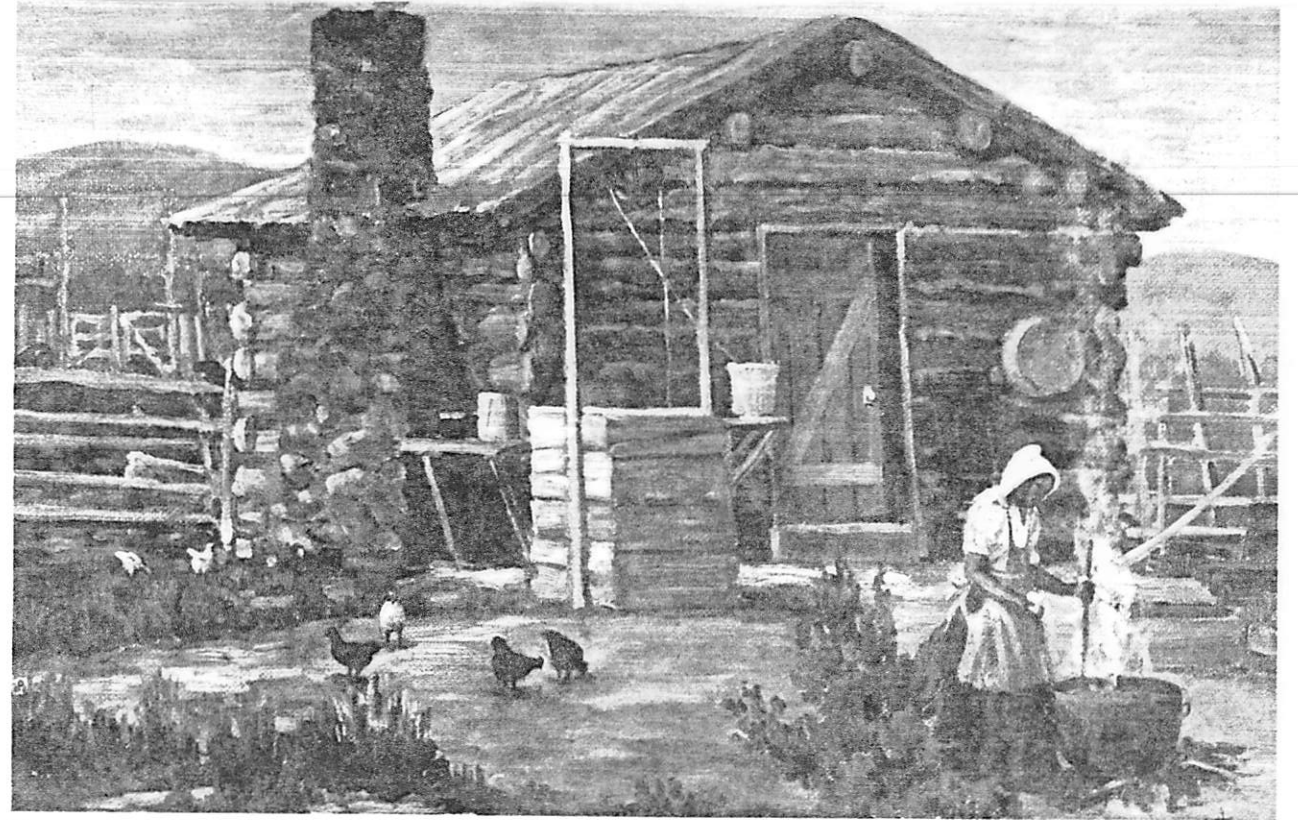
THE OLD LOG HUT

Down by the river the log hut stands
Where father and mother once dwelt
And the old door latch that was worn by the hands
And the church where in prayer we knelt --
Long years have passed since that happy time,
And the river keeps rolling along,
The rippling waves on its mossy bank
Keeps singing the same old song.

There stands the tree we used to climb
And the mill with its rolling din
And the old, rough boat as it used to float
Where the school boys used to swim.
High grass has grown o'er the master's grave.
And the river keeps rolling along,
The birds and the bees and the blossoming trees
Keep singing the same old song.

Time with its rapid remorseless fate
Has furrowed our brow with care.
The icy touch of his withered hand
Has silvered our locks of hair.
The years have passed and the old log hut
With its seasons may pass away
Yet the friendship's ties that in youth we formed
Can never know decay.

- - - Author unknown



Pioneer mother making home-made soap in a cast iron kettle. (Painting by Utah artist Cornelius Salisbury.)

DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS

-Deseret 1776-1976 p136

THE OLD RAG CARPET

By Mrs. A. Ransom in D. U. P.
Song Book
Tune: Old Oaken Bucket



Oh, well I remember the home of my childhood
The parlor opened on Sundays alone.
The big roomy sofa, upholstered in velvet
The little old organ so wheezy of tone.
The green paper shades that hung at the windows
The round braided rug that was laid by the door,
The album, the vases, the white cotton tidies
And the breadths of rag carpet that covered the floor.

Chorus:

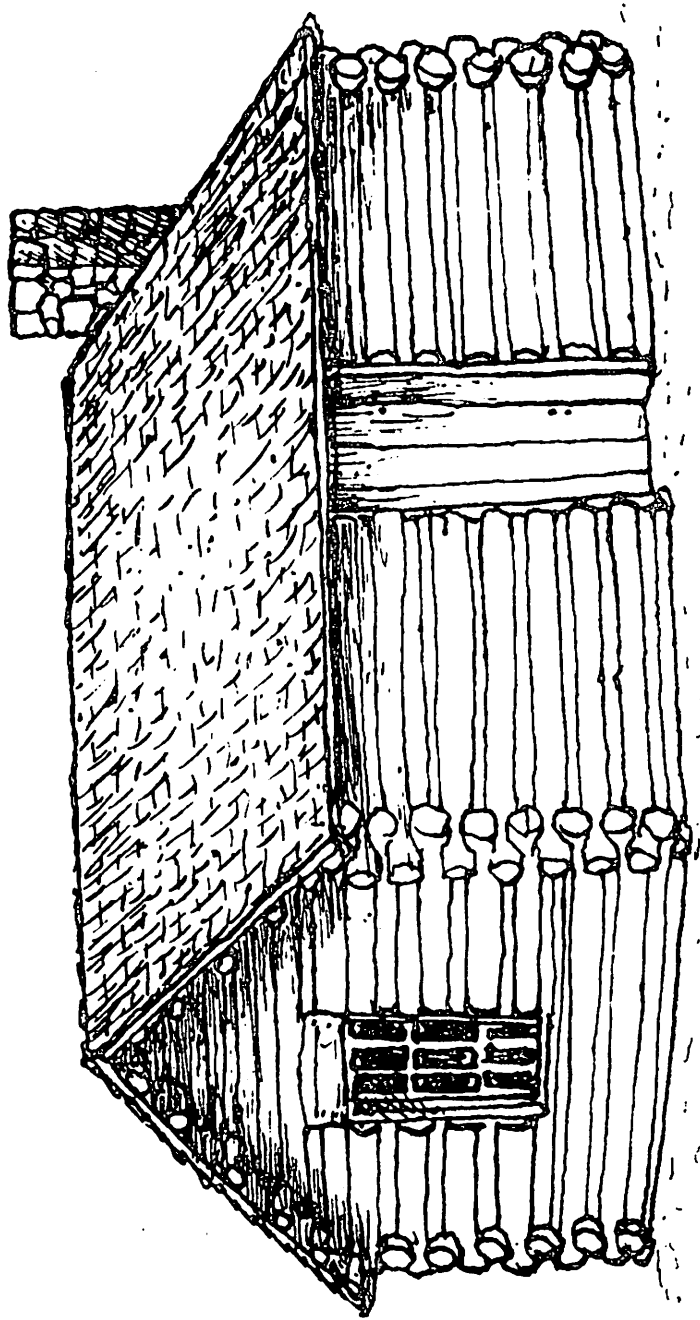
The gaily striped carpet, the old-fashioned carpet,
The cherished rag carpet that covered the floor,
The albums, the vases, the white cotton tidies
And the breadths of rag carpet that covered the floor.

'Twas woven not only of linen and woolens,
But with fragments of sorrow and joy and romance,
The lavender silk that was worn to the wedding,
The figured delaine of a maiden's first dance.
The baby's pink frock and the "weeds" of a widow
The blue of a coat the soldier boy wore;
I knew and I loved every stripe that was in it
That dear old rag carpet that covered the floor.

Chorus:

The good honest carpet, the plain humble carpet
The homemade rag carpet that covered the floor,

*I knew & I loved¹⁴ every stripe that was in it
That Dear old rag carpet that covered the floor,*



Artist's conception of the first schoolhouse in Alpine, built in December 1851.

COAL OIL LAMP

My grandpa says we really need one hundred
watts to see to read
"You bet!" says he, "'Lectricity's fine --just
flip a switch and light'll shine,
No match to strike, no oil to pour, no tedious
chimney-cleaning chore,
And yet, the old-style coal oil lamp was like
a friend," says Gramp.
I recollect we used to sit thru twilight's charm
till the lamp was lit,
And then the family gathered tight within the
golden pool of light.
Shadows, and the cares of day were pushed to
corners, held at bay.
By our old lamp's protective gleam, allowing
us to read or dream.
I see my mother mending there -- her loving
face, her gentle air.
My father, too, who liked to spin his limericks
there to make us grin.

I see my teacher, Miss Morrell, bent on
teaching me to spell.
Her hair was grey before its time, I fear the
fault was mostly mine.
I thought her quite a bother there, cheered her
when she moved elsewhere
But now in looking back, I see how much her
teaching did for me.
Dad smoked his pipe, lost in a book, while we
played tiddly-winks or rook
Sometimes our mama fed us cakes, courting
dreams and tummy-aches.
And when we climbed the stairs to bed, the oil
lamp lit the way ahead.
Electric lights are better, true -- without them
I would hate to do -- but 'neath
That lamp our youthful dreams were born
and blended in its beams.
Its beacon light we glimpsed afar -- our path
to home -- our guiding star."